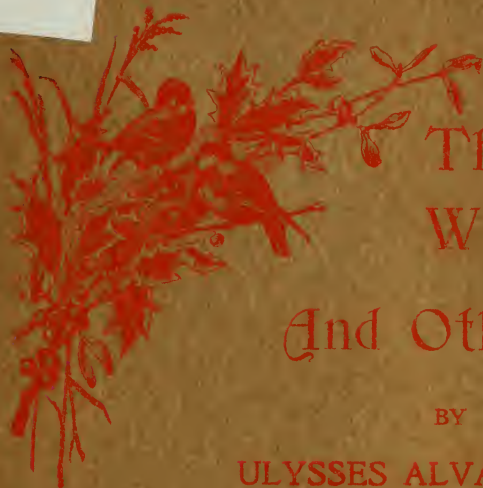


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The Town
With A Bell,
And Other Poems,

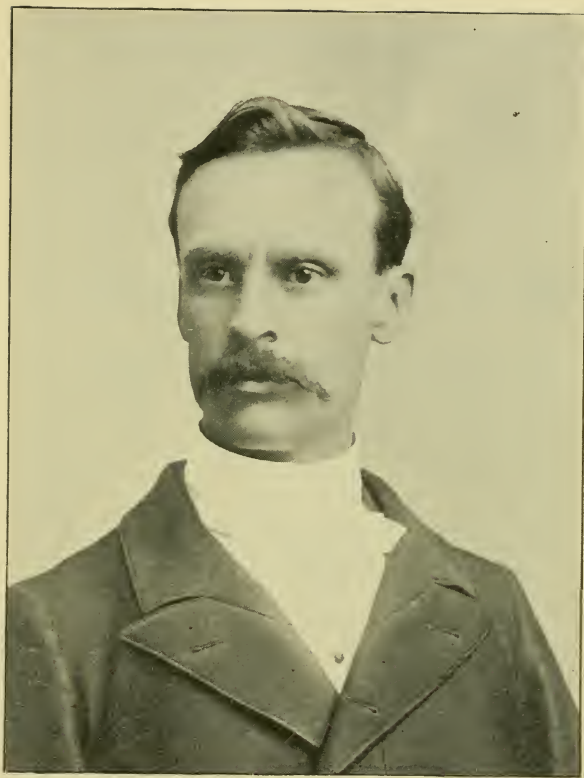
BY

ULYSSES ALVA FOSTER.

Just a modest word musician
With his hands upon the keys,
That emancipate the voices,
Of the rivers and the trees.

—Edward F. Benson





ULYSSES ALVA FOSTER.



The Town With A Bell,
And Other Poems, ❁ ❁ ❁

BY

ULYSSES ALVA FOSTER.

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ULYSSES ALVA FOSTER.

Dedicated to Mrs. E. A. Foster,
the wife whose faithfulness merits
my love.





Orland Ind. Nov. 18th 99.
Mr. U. A. Foster.

Dear Sir,

November the 17th - I received a
La Grange Standard of Nov. 16th inst.,
in which you have so kindly remembered
my little bell and myself, for which
I thank you ever so much, it is not
often that a person hears anything good
said of himself, the bad is most always
foremost.

Your verses came just in the right time as a
birthday gift, as I was Eighty One year old
the seventeenth of this month.

My wife sends her best love to your wife
and yourself, and with the kindest greeting
I am Respectfully yours

C. Schneider



THE TOWN WITH A BELL.

There is a pleasant country town
Not many miles away,
Where most Vermonters live, I guess,
And likely they will stay.

They call the village Orland, now,
Vermont it used to be;
No matter much about the name,
It's pleasant quite to see.

They boast no factories nor cars,
The wheel's their chief delight;
If it wasn't quite so hard to find,
The town would be all right.

They have good churches, preachers, too,
Their schools are up to date:
A mill pond on the crooked creek,
And lots of time to skate.

A lecture course they're giving now,
Please tell it all around;
The people there are kind and good,
As any you have found.

Another thing about this town
I most desire to tell,
Is of the Christian Schneider man,
Who rings his little bell.

He has a bell upon his house,
And no odds what's the weather,
He rings his bell at six o'clock,
So folks can rise together.

For forty years or more they say
 He's rung his little bell,
At morning, noon, and night again,
 No matter sick or well.

This bell has regulated long
 The movements of the town,
And no one living there would say,
 “You'd better take it down.”

And Christian is a man of worth,
 As every one will say,
The town will miss him when his bell
 Don't ring at break of day.

Long live the ringer and his bell,
 Peace to the little town ;
I hope they'll have a street car yet,
 So we can all go down.

SUGAR MAKIN'.

In the spring-time when the sun
Is warmin' up the trees,
And now and then you hear around
Your ears the hummin' bees.

And the sap is just a startin'
From the roots up to the buds,
And you feel as if you had to be
A huntin' lighter duds.

When the morning sun's a shinin'
And the fog's a floatin' round,
And it's reasonably certain
That the frost'll leave the ground.

And you're standin' round a grinnin',
Wonderin' what your dad's about
Whittlin' elders for and makin' troughs
And gittin' the augers out.

When at last dad says to mother,
"Hanner, guess I'll tap the trees,
If we get our 'maple 'lasses,'
Better make 'em durin' this freeze."

Just when dad said "maple 'lasses,"
You knew what he was about
Whittlin' elders for and makin' troughs
And gittin' the augers out.

Then your heart began a thumpin'
And your mouth a waterin' too,
And you waded round with dad,
Doin' all that you could do.

Openin' trees and makin' spiles
 To fit the auger holes ;
And a wishin' you had a pair o' boots
 That wasn't leaky round the soles.

When the maple sap was runnin'
 And the troughs were leakin' full,
Sister Mary said to mother
 "Let us have a taffy pull."

But 'most every lad, you know,
 Has an awkward greenin' time
When for things like taffy pullin'
 He doesn't care a dime.

So 'most all you cared about
 Was the leaky sugar shed,
Just to be a bilin' sap
 When you'd or'to be in bed.

But the taffy pullin' came
And what a time you had
Makin' sugar 'n' eatin' wax,
It even tickled dad

To see the youngsters rompin' 'round
A havin' such a time,
And mother said it made her think
When she was in her prime,

Of how the young folks all would do
When sugar makin' came,
But things have changed so much now days
It isn't near the same.

The trees are dead, the shed's torn down,
The house is altered some,
And mother isn't there no more,
When sugar makin's come.

And sister Mary's dead 'n' gone,
And father's voice is still,
And all around the home is left
A void that none can fill.

And yet sweet memories are there
Which cluster round the home
And make the season bright with hope
When sugar makin's come.



JOGGIN' HOME.

I've been a joltin' along to-day,
Over the corduroy ;
It reminds me of joggin' home, you know,
When I was but a boy.

When dad'n me had been to town,
With hay or straw a jiggin',
And was ridin' home at eventime
On the naked riggin'.

Or when we'd been a haulin' rails,
And logs for cribs a draggin',
And was a joggin' home at night, you see,
On the bolster of the wagon.



A PIECE OF CORDUROY.

Or when we'd rode the corduroy,
Till most we'd fell apart;
And was ridin' home about sundown,
In dad's old lumber cart.

I used to think it pretty hard,
And fell to growlin' some;
But dad would say, so patient like,
"Don't mind, we're joggin' home."

And since I've left the farm and home,
And ain't no more a boy,
I wish I wor ridin' home with dad,
Over the corduroy.

The most of us have corduroy,
And go thru life a joggin';
For me at any rate I find,
It ain't a smooth toboggin.

But when the way is loggy like
And I am weary-some,
I think I hear my father say,
“Don’t mind, we’re joggin’ home.”

So I will keep the narrow way,
And never, never roam,
Until I meet the loved ones dear,
Who’ve left me joggin’ home.



THE DRUNKEN SAILOR.

Upon the pebbled beach
A drunken sailor lay,
Unnoticed by the throng
That moved along the way.

Upon his swollen face
Deep lines of sorrow fell,
His bloodshot, reddened eyes
Had stories sad to tell.

They told of childhood's days,
Of mother's fondest care,
And father's loving ways,
Of youth so bright and rare.

They told of manhood's morn,
When once his hope was strong
Of blessings heaven born
Before he'd known the wrong.

Yes, we could read in them
Of years he'd spent in sin;
We see a warning here,
Oh, young man don't begin !

We halted just to read
The lessons on his face,
We would that men might heed
And help to save the race.

We wept while standing there
And longed to see the day
When open grog-shops were
From earth e'er wiped away

He told of licensed crime,
Of many laws unjust,
Of ruin sure in time,
Who drinks, come here he must.

How many ruined men,
 Unnoticed by the throng,
Have fallen into sin
 Because of licensed wrong.

And while he drunken lay,
 Upon the pebbled shore,
The tide swept him away
 And he was seen no more.

How many men like he,
 Unnoticed by the throng,
Are ruined in the sea
 Of law-supported wrong.

And yet we stand unmoved,
 It's true but sad to tell,
We've by our votes approved
 This open way to hell.

SONG OF EDEN.

It was a dismal, desolate hour for man
When from his God by sin he fell in shame,
And lost the image of his Maker there.
Oh, the tempestuous hours the fall produced!
The sin-cursed pair beheld their ruin sure;
They saw in view for them no ray of hope,
Earth blackened with the pall of deepest
gloom.

Deceived by him who father is of lies,
Trembling with fear the guilty pair await,
As they suppose, the wrath of God on them.
Low in the pit of never-ending night
All Hell is holding carnival of mirth.
The victory seems to them to be complete,
And Satan boasts himself the Prince of Earth.
But ah! dismay for them has quickly come,
Light penetrates the low abyss of sin:
God's walking in the garden brings to man
Not wrath but mercy full and free through
one

Who though of woman's seed should Satan
bruise,

And put all Hell for aye in endless night,

Bring earth to Eden by the way of life

And man to God redeem by woman's seed.

And so, the Christ, the woman's seed, foretold

By all the holy prophets since the fall;

The second Adam, was the sinless man,

Both human and Divine.

Of Him, who with the Father was eternal,

Equal too; sing heavenly Muse;

For He hath brought by His own life and
blood

To all mankind the bread of life and too,

Hath reconciled to God the race of sinners,

Each who will by faith accept the plan.

Inspire us then as holy ones of old

Were taught to tell His coming, where and
how,

E'en to the time, the place, the hour and all.

Teach us to know Him who was, and is,

And is to come, that we may also sing.



A HAPPY HOME.

A HAPPY HOME.

There's gathered round my boyhood days,
Fond memories and rare,
Of rural home and hearthstone bright,
Of morn and evening prayer.

Our home though humble in the woods
On land we had to clear,
Was neat and clean and had a stamp
That made it rich and dear.

It was the stamp of industry,
Of intellect and love,
Of honest toil and peace supreme,
Type of that home above.

No drunkenness was there to mar
The peace and joy of home;
But temperance and purity
Bid many blessings come.

No pipes nor cigarettes, cigars,
Nor filthy chewing cud,
For mother said it wasn't nice
And her boys never should.

No cider, alcohol, nor beer
On side board or in cellar,
But wholesome food of every kind,
With apples rich and meller.

The Bible had its proper place,
The top book on the table,
And family prayer must come before
The work in field or stable.

Some people in these days would say
"Such living's puritanic,"
And yet it saved us all, thank God,
From habits most Satanic.

We're scattered now and don't go home
As often as we should,
But our home altar still survives,
And oh, it does us good

To know that since we are to-day
Four homes instead of one,
Our parents join us in our prayers
Before the day is done.

And oh how sweet it is, you know,
To go home once a year
And take the top book down and read
And pray with loved ones dear.

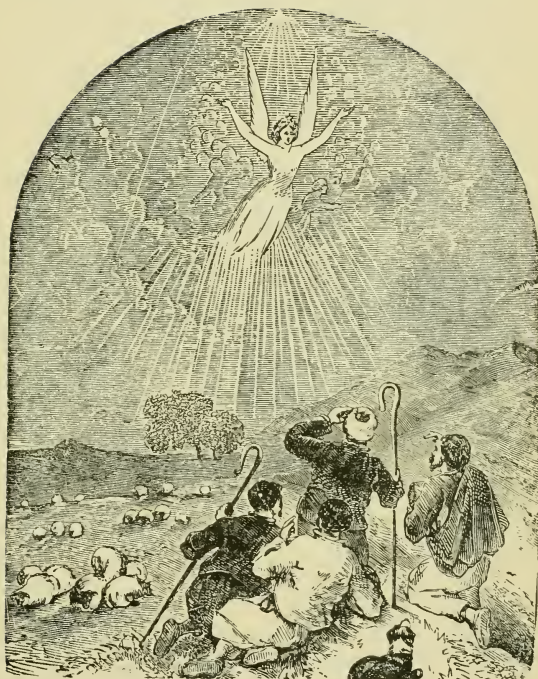
No happier home on earth can be
Than one where no sin stains,
Though humble it may be and poor
There's joy if Jesus reigns.

“THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.”

Look yonder ! See that star ?
It's halted o'er the stall,
A Babe is there so wondrous fair
He's come to save us all.

The world from sin and awful shame
He freely came to save,
He lowly graced the manger there
And too, His life He gave.

Without that star no Christmas bells,
No blessed joyous hope;
In sin, and sorrow, want and woe,
Mankind would ever grope.



“THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM”

Hail ! star of light and life, and love,
Hail Babe of Virgin birth,
Hail to the angel and his song,
Good will and peace on earth.

Oh star ! we leap at thought of thee,
We worship now, as then
The shepherds did who by thee led
Bowed to the Prince of Men.

THE END.



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